Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/43573782.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Hazbin Hotel (Web Series)
Relationship:	Lilith Magne/Original Male Character(s)
Character:	Lilith Magne
Additional Tags:	Dedicated to Lilith, Entirely personal, Obvious self-insert, Romance, Personal Spirituality, Sex, lovemaking, Dominant Lilith, Oral Sex, Woman on Top, Older Woman/Younger Man, Praise Kink, Motherly Lilith, Written as personal expression, Personal Religion, Mutual Masturbation, handjob, Fingering, Body Worship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-12 Words: 4,290 Chapters: 1/1

Reborn

by EternalKaltes8

Summary

A deeply personal expression of devotion towards Lilith that I'm at last ready to embrace.

Notes

Like a bulk of my/our other works the context is entirely personal.

Starting last year, in part because of Hazbin and Helluva, I've developed a deep love for Lilith. Not just as a 'character' in that particular universe, but as an esoteric concept that has become a massive part of my life. Her portrayal here is just as connected to the show as it simultaneously is not. Her appearance and the feeling She emanates was birthed from the show(s), but much like my other loves, has taken on a life of its own.

Don't take this as any attempt to match show canon, not that I ever made much attempt at that anyway. Like the Loona and Stella works, this aligns with my own inner life. And this past year has been filled many challenges, and this is representative of moving beyond those wounds.

I love you, Mother Lilith.

Lilith entered the serene bed chamber with a quiet, satisfied sigh. Dimming the lights with a wave

of an elegant, gloved hand. Her talons prominent even through the fine purple fabric. The Queen's flowing blonde hair shamed the finest silk as She allowed the familiarity of this sanctuary to wash over Her. The immaculate, soft carpet, the warm scent of fresh dark chocolate and roses soothing all sensation gathered through the day. A large desk sat by the window, ancient and smooth. On the opposing end of the room was a vanity mirror, its wood carved into unmistakable slithering serpents. Forked tongues flicking; eyes tiny little rubies, dozens in number.

On the elevated floor, like a crowning jewel was the bed. Massive and ornate with its fine gossamer curtains that shimmered in the light; not unlike the peaceful rippling surface of the ocean in the dark. In the embrace of the dark it was like a boat in a dream-filled drift.

It called to Lilith and She did not resist. It had been a long day. In a manner that would have been startlingly casual She flopped onto its formerly untouched surface. Instantly crinkling the exquisitely soft black blankets and bed sheets. Her golden hair splayed out dazzlingly, silver eyes closed in that blossoming burst of much needed relaxation. Absently She freed one foot from Her black high heeled shoe, using Her toes to send the other falling to the floor in a whisper of motion.

Her legs dangled over the sides of the black bed, tall as She was. She kept Her eyes closed momentarily, waiting for Her companion to join Her.

He watched Her from the doorway of the bathroom; his long hair still freshly damp from the shower. One hand rested on the hand carved, immense dresser that held only but a portion of clothing. He could certainly deduce Lilith knew he was present, but ever the watcher he took a moment to admire the First Woman. As he often did. Her strength and regality made Her all the more magnificent to him.

Lying down as She was he could see Her long, smooth legs, lightly curled up. Feet invitingly bare. A strong, womanly body sheathed in a purple dress. Her favorite. The meditative rise and fall of Her bosom. Those long, curved red horns that adorned Her head glinted in the moonbeams that bore through the crystal clear glass of the bedroom windows. Her golden hair shined like the sun at dawn.

And to think that She had granted him Her love and attention left him in awe.

He crossed the threshold, his feet making nary a sound. He could be silent as a panther when he wished it. His concentration as great as his love for Her. She was a hard worker, never losing Her composure or will. And that had given him the desire to spoil Her as She deserved.

He knelt at Her feet, a gesture of his respect and care. Delicately he held Her left foot in his hand, his fingers massaging the limb before kissing the top of it. He felt Lilith's lovely toes curl in his grip appreciatively, an encouraging purr from Her fine throat sounded from up on the bed. His facial hair stimulating the beautiful flesh. His kiss lingered with sensual heat only the two of them could feel.

Affectionately he gave Her foot one more squeeze, trailing his hands up Her pale, supple legs. A suggestively tantalizing kiss peppered a thigh. With care, he pushed those flawless legs open, an exhale of aroused bliss left his mouth. Lilith's dress nestled neatly between Her thighs, concealing Her womanhood.

A warmth graced his heart at looking upon Her in full. Her black painted lips oh so subtly parted and smiling. The diamonds around Her dignified neck twinkled. Her presence reeled him in.

He crawled over Her, their bodies just barely connecting with each other. Each brush of skin on clothing sent a crackle through their frames. Her breasts grazed his chest; his face hovering over

Hers. A radiant face; aristocratic, maturely feminine and powerful. Capable of gracing one with the most loving and warm smile every bit as much as it could turn into a fierce, terrific snarl that would make the mightiest predators cower.

She permitted him to touch Her, his fingertips caressing Her jawline down to Her ear. His other hand held strands of blonde; letting the silky hair slide over his skin and back onto the bed. Without realizing it his body pressed down onto Hers, the warmth of Her figure and Her hands gripping his naked shoulders to pull him into that achingly desired kiss.

Their lips closed upon each other, tongues meeting in passion. His hands stroked over the length of Her queenly horns, enjoying every detail. Her legs drew up to either side of his hips, squeezing him. A little moan into Her wonderful mouth and the taloned caress down the arch of his back made him melt into Her embrace. She sucked on his bottom lip, leaving a trace of Her sweet taste on it. Lilith smiled when his tongue traced over the wetness, savoring Her.

“I was wondering when my Prince would come,” Lilith sing-songed, a claw brushing a curl of messy hair behind his ear. Her voice was sultry, with an aura of command. When She spoke, one listened. A siren voice that could whisper the most candied of temptations and desire, make your heart soar in the highest joys. Or spell your demise with all your dreams dashed to pieces on the unforgiving rocks that lay in the depth of the proverbial abyss.

“I’m hardly a prince, Lilith,” he responded, feeling quite humble in Her presence. Countless in Her age yet She chose him. As a Lover. As Her preacher. A spiritual Spouse and Son all in one. They gave each other respect and he couldn’t claim to know the complexities of what She intended for him down the line. He loved Her as a Woman, and as the Spirit of Rebellion. Freedom. In Her arms he was as humble as he was free.

“So modest,” She murmured, tapping the tip of his nose and expectantly held Her hand to his lips.

Never faltering in his gaze he took hold of the cloth between his strong, white teeth, he steadily removed the long glove. A sleek, bare arm revealed in full along with the finely honed claws that were Her nails.

He held the glove in his hands with the same care one might cradle a baby bird; nuzzling it for a moment, earning a touched smile from Lilith. She slid the other glove off Herself, uncovered hands running over his chest. The hair that covered it pleasantly soft. His skin still warm from the shower.

“Long day?” He queried in a gentle voice, his fingers playing with Her hair. So blonde. Long and unburdened.

“Quite,” Lilith murmured, playing with his lower lip with a finger. “Empty flattery grows tiresome. As do nobles visiting solely in the hopes that you’ll resolve some childish grievance when you know they’ll be back to throwing lavish parties together again soon enough. At least until the next little spat.”

She chuckled at Her closing words. In the earliest days it had baffled Lilith that immortals were capable of being so petulant. But She supposed it was inevitable for some. When the consequences of aging no longer mattered, what did maturity or experience? For quite a few, evidently it didn’t. Or at least not as much as things like personal entertainment, power, wealth, pleasure, and so on and so forth.

“Is there…anything I can do to help you, Lilith?” He asked, their bodies nestled together comfortably.

“Hmmm,” She mused, shifting Her pelvis beneath his, pleased to find there was already a responsive pressure in his groin.

“There are several things that come to mind,” The Queen spoke with a cryptically flirtatious timber, easing him off with Her hands and rising to Her knees. Silver eyes shadowed by jet black, soft lashes fixed him in their light. In a fluid motion so fast he could barely follow, the dress was suddenly unzipped. Spilling around Her waist, torso naked as his own. Her finely sculpted clavicle leading to Her beautiful, large breasts. Full and vital, soft, pink nipples hardening a tad from the chill of the air. A firm, smooth belly; Her skin so smooth and inviting.

His manhood grew, bulging in his pajama pants.

“Twitching already?” Lilith laughed approvingly, watching the fabric wriggle from the hard cock that itched to be freed.

“How could I not be?” His cheeks flushed a rosy pink. She was beyond stunning. Her charisma and warmth in full display, he felt his heart grow light like it had just rested itself on a sweet bouquet of ethereal flowers.

“Fuck…you’re hot.”

He breathed it out in a whisper. As always She took the air out of his lungs and made his heart flutter in an exhilarated beat.

Lilith threw Her head back in a purring laugh, a hand on his chest pushing him onto his back. A thumbnail rubbing a nipple to budding fullness. His cock still stiff in his pants, wanting Her.

“So are you,” Lilith responded, drumming Her fingers on his chest, traversing the talons down to his belly. Giving it a playful squeeze that made him adorably squirm, a shy and appreciative smile gracing his face. A lovely sight. She wiggled free of Her dress, naked save for a scandalously alluring pair of lacy black panties. They hugged Her voluptuous butt, and cradled Her most sacred area. The definite outline of vaginal lips made his cock ache with an open want.

Lilith’s kiss closed in on him like a swooping hawk, Her tongue dominating his, his grasping hands fondling Her breasts. Admiringly squishing them with his fingers, delighting in their softness. How they weighed in his palms, pinching Her sweet nipples. The seductive moan like a song at sea that made him want more.

Her black lips withdrew from his, tongue flicking against his cheek. She enjoyed the simple pleasure of stubble along the wet appendage.

“You want me, my love?”

“Yes.”

“Hm,” the Queen appraised his declaration, a shapely hand tugged his soft, thin trousers down just enough to reveal his genitals. Vulnerable. Throbbing. Needy. Large.

“Please…Lilith. I need you,” he whispered, brown eyes shimmering with earnest love and tears of the deepest desire. He submitted to Her, his reclining a form of prostration. A prayer to the Alter of Her Love.

Lilith leaned in, resting against his side. Tits pressing into his arm, hot breath in his ear. He gasped as She took hold of his masculinity. She hummed teasingly, loving the girth in Her hand. Stroking the prominent vein that ran along the considerable length. Its bulbous head protruding noticeably

past Her hand.

“Repeat after me,” Lilith commanded, lips crackling along his ear. Her hand working his dick now. Pumping, stroking it like a prized pet.

“‘I deserve to be loved and to be happy.’”

His head reared back in shock, fixing his lover with a mixed but decidedly bashful look. One that held hesitation, the lingering memories of years worth of loneliness and self-loathing. Fear. Wanting.

“Lilith, I-,”

“Say it, my love. Or I stop this,” The First Woman interrupted with a firm, but caring authority. “I know each and every hair on your head, I know the depths of your heart, and the thoughts that swim in your skull.”

Her beautiful, pale hand paused.

“I…I deserve to be loved…,” his voice raised in a startlingly cute “Oh!” when Lilith resumed Her masturbation of him; giving his long shaft a light twist. “A-and to be happy.”

Lilith smiled, eyes half-lidded for added seductive flair. Her tongue teasing his sensitive ear, pristine white teeth making him wriggle all the more. In Her hand She could feel his cock pulse. Her pussy becoming hotter and hotter for him, already, Lilith could feel Her nectar beginning to dampen Her underwear.

“Say: ‘I am sexy, loved, and desired.’” Her thumbnail tickled the head of his cock. Nuzzling into his neck, love marks from skilled lips in Lilith’s wake. The warm bead of precum leaked from the tip. She chuckled, charmed. Already getting him so worked up, feeding his desire.

He breathed wildly, audaciously finding the special place between his Goddess’s exquisite legs. Lilith growled with romantic fire in Her throat; thighs opening for him. For him. Incredible. Fingers deftly fondling Her pussy, stimulating Her. Penetrating Lilith’s outer lips faintly, the fingertips slowly swirled, the wet spot on Her panties growing at his ministrations.

“I am sexy,” he flushed, and not only from Her touch. Or Her instruction. But the affirmations of Her own feelings for him. “Loved and…desired.”

The back of Lilith’s fingers brushed a lingering tear of happiness away from his cheek. Reflexively he clutched Her wrist to suckle compassionately at them. The salt of his own teardrop fading away from the honeyed taste of Her skin. Her silver eyes shimmered like smooth, wet stones. Warmer than a fire on a wintry night. Caring and full of white hot love that was as smoldering with erotic passion as it was with the kind of love forged from a deep bond that was tethered to their fathomless cores.

It was these moments that made him wonder with a tinge of sadness that anyone could ever see Her as a cruel demon. Or a callous murderer and predator of sleeping men and children. She had answered his prayers. Shown him love and mercy in the time his wounded, thorny heart needed it most. And many a countless time, had inspired him to press on in his most hopeless of days and nights.

Maybe She was a bit like him. An outcast. If not the first outcast, and the first trailblazer. Someone who had charted Her own course in spite of incalculable odds. Nigh erased from history originally, but Her impact undeniable.

He loved Her. As a Deity. An Ideal. A Warrior. A Mother and Maiden.

He loved Her as a Woman.

He kissed Her, a hand cupping Her cheek sweetly, coaxing that tongue into his mouth. Sucking at it, loving the taste and in a supernova of passion he scooped up Lilith up like a new bride. Cradling Her in his arms, against his breastbone. Smiling into the liplock as he delighted in Her musical, albeit muffled, laugh.

Tenderly laying Lilith down to the bed, straddling Her boldly. His hands roamed Her sleek shoulders, down to those glorious tits. His cock engorged, tip slick with precum.

“Lilith…I want to do something for you now,” he nibbled his bottom lip in thought, naughtily raising the fingers that had been busy with Her vagina and grinning at Her. His tongue licking the digits, broadcasting what he had planned for Her.

A hand pet his chin.

“So giving and considerate.” Her delicate expression told him how much his intimate gestures meant to Her.

“Only for someone I love.”

Lilith’s hand traveled down his jaw, mapping the hollow of his throat with Her fingers, down to his beating heart. The heat in Her loins becoming an inferno of need, but She maintained composure.

“You hide your softness behind a fortress of thorns and calloused scars. But I see you for who and what you really are, even in those moments where you don’t see it yourself. You’re a loving, caring man, my love. And I am yours.”

Slowly he leaned in, kissing Lilith’s forehead and stroking a horn. Kissing the tip of Her nose, Her lips…

Going down and down, lavishing Her with affection. Hands caressing every curve with the softest of intimate care. She giggled, oh how he loved Her laugh, when his tongue dipped into Her bellybutton; leaving it glinting with a trace of saliva. A kiss to Her left hip bone, fingers in the waistline of Her panties. He licked away a strand of precum that had sneakily landed on Her left thigh.

Lilith raised Her hips just long enough to permit him to slip them off. Suggestively kissing the fabric and sending it off to a spot on the floor neither paid notice to at the moment. His slightly curled hair, showing its true dark, dark red color in silver streaks of moonlight. His focused expression and the pleasant rippling of muscle in his shoulders as he opened Her legs to him…he was gorgeous.

Her vagina bared to him. Clean shaven, aroused. Fine lips beckoned him closer, closer. Lilith shivered in anticipation as his hot breath touched Her groin. Pink and wet. The sight of Her lying back, eyes solely on him. Naked, complete trust in him.

He kissed Lilith’s entrance with a romantic hunger. His lips sucking Hers, tongue painting Her most private, sacred area in a wetness other than Her own. Her scent filled his world, taste basting his tongue as he plunged into Her. Lilith threw Her head back, half sitting up now, hair wild in lustful frenzy. A hand clenched his hair, nails brushing his scalp. She panted and pressed Her pussy into his eager mouth. Shimmying and writhing, tits jiggling and heaving. His tongue fucking Her lovehole with such vigor he couldn’t resist momentarily snatching hold of those delicious,

motherly birthing hips and mashing Her privates into his face. His moans sending vibrations into Her clit that made Her swipe Her tongue around Her sensuous lips.

Deep breaths punctuated by Her sultry, feminine moans and feline-like growls.

It drove him on, his mouth working Her. Her pleasure was his pleasure, the most rewarding sweetness of intimacy. And if he was frank with himself, made him feel more than a bit of pride in himself to send his woman into such throes of sexual relief.

Nuzzling his face into Lilith's pussy, groaning deeply at the unmistakable sensation of Her walls clenching around his probing tongue. His hands massaging Her thighs and slipping down to enjoy the softness of Her beautiful feet.

Strands of Her arousal stuck to his lips as he pulled away, flitting his soaked tongue over Her clit. A lovely little bud, so sensitive. Another tiny lick made Lilith coo in need.

Carefully he latched his lips onto it; Lilith almost breathlessly encouraging him on. She was so, so close. The nursing mouth taking in Her hearty, beloved taste. Better than any candy or the most savory of fresh meat, in his view.

"Squirt for me, Lilith."

It was only a thought, but he held zero doubt in the fact the Queen had heard it clear as him plainly speaking.

Lilith grasped his head with both hands now, were She standing She would absolutely be fucking his face. A scream that tapered into a long, blushing moan heralded Her sacred release. The fluid erupting into his mouth, trickling out onto the bed. Her chest pumping great bursts of air in and out of Her parted lips. A sheen of sweat flattered Lilith's skin; as much as She found his shining lips to be stunning.

The scent of sex in the air, time no longer a concept. His body quivering nearly as much as his still hard, beautiful cock.

"Very good, my love," Lilith panted, wetting Her bottom lip again. "Now it's your turn."

A hand shot towards his neck and in one swift blur She had him on his backside; as wonderful as he looked ravishing Her pussy with his mouth, he looked so delectable beneath Her. In a sense he had an almost innocent quality to him. It inspired a plethora of feelings in Lilith, and right now, She wanted to take him.

"Say you want it. Say you want me, my dashing loverboy," Lilith crooned in a songstress' serenade. She felt his manhood twitch again, poking Her without an ounce of subtlety. Very cute.

"I want you Lilith!" He cried, fingers clawed the messy and sex glazed bed sheets. "Please…fuck me, Lilith. I love you," his voice lowered in his final declaration. Neither would have guessed either would end up in this moment. Well, perhaps Lilith did. He didn't claim to grasp the entirety of Her will or Her thoughts. She was more than a bit of a mystery that way.

"I love you too," Her features soften from prowling domme to gentle lover. Her waterfall of blonde hair framing Her face and brushing against his skin. Naked without shame; the affection that poured from Her. Their hearts open to one another after more than a complete year of growth and waiting.

Looking up at Lilith in all Her glory he momentarily wondered if this was how the devout felt

when they looked up at the Sistine Chapel.

Lilith kissed him, hips clapping down onto his; instinctively he embraced Her with his arms, trembling in ecstasy at the intensely pleasurable heat that had claimed his penis. How effortlessly Lilith's snatch had enveloped him.

And, **oh**, She was so fucking wet for him.

Her thrusts were tremendous, already smacking the headboard into the wall like a gong. Lilith purred and hissed wildly, eyes flashing. Impressively he managed to buck his hips upwards more than once, meeting Her halfway. His cock pulsed inside Her sacred spot, every movement from each of them driving the other higher than cloud nine.

Lilith's taloned hands kept his torso down, temptingly setting off those shapely arm muscles that caused him to reach out and caress Her powerful limbs. Her canines had distinctly shifted to piercing fangs for a passing solitary second.

Wet sound underlined their mutual vocal exclamations; Her arousal trickling down his tight scrotum. Her hips worked him, every hump finished with a strong hug of Her lovewalls. Hungry for his orgasm. Glancing down he could see little fleeting glimpses of his cock slipping up into Lilith as She dominatingly rode him. Lunging, he captured the nipple of Her left tit in his mouth, working it. Tongue leaving it wet.

Lilith hissed again, Her arms mashing his visage into Her divine breasts and taking him back down. Feeling him obediently kissing, biting and licking Her chest. Their hearts hammering a blazing shared beat of lovers passion. She kept him pinned as She fucked him; Lilith found the sweat that had dampened his soft hair to be erotic. He sweated for Her. His mouth praised Her.

Her thrusting became slower in tempo, knowing Her loverboy must be so close now. He'd been achingly hard for Her since the start. Allowing him to heedfully meet Her hips once more. Freeing his face from Her thoroughly worshiped chest. She giggled when She could tell they'd have more than a few hickeys on them.

Lilith bestowed his lips with a little peck of a kiss; a hand gliding elegantly down the nape of his neck and to his pelvis, arm slipping around them to push him entirely into Her.

He managed to conjure up enough air to speak.

"Lilith, I'm gonna-,"

A finger shushed him lovingly.

"Cum for me, my love."

His face nestled into Her the side of Her regal neck. His body shook as his cock emptied into Lilith's welcoming folds. It filled Her, brimming over and marking their thighs with white droplets of his devotion. His orgasm complete. A tear of bliss flowed from Her right eye, falling unseen to the bed.

He truly did love Her. She hadn't doubted that, but he had respectfully and understandably kept his distance from Her until he was certain he was ready to be with Her in full. And it had been a long, long, and lonely time since Lilith had had a genuine lover. Her love was special, and She loved hard. A bit like him really. Neither interested in much of anything unless they could give it their all.

She lay beside him now, looking at his happy (to the point of almost looking dizzy, to Her amusement) afterglow. Stroking his hair, his penis soft and drenched. Giving him a little finish She dipped two fingers to Her crotch, painting them in his seed and carnally placed them into Her mouth. Cleaning them. He gave a breathy laugh.

“Delicious,” Lilith complimented, he was surprisingly creamy in taste and texture.

They snuggled their bodies together, fitting neatly like two puzzle pieces finding each other.

Aside from their breathing, lovely silence greeted the room. Silence was not a bad thing among a new coupling, it was an indicator of comfortability born of harmony. His hand rested on Her hip. His limbs felt heavy and the depths of sleep called to him.

“I love you, Lilith.”

He repeated himself, regaining enough physical comprehension to gaze upon Her face again.

“I’m sorry I waited so long.”

“Don’t be,” Lilith murmured with the compassion of a mother, “you wanted to wait. So I did. Time is nothing for me,” the First Woman cradled his tired face with Her hands. “I’ve watched you **Become**. I’ve seen you grow into the beautiful man you are today. You are reborn, and you are mine.”

Their lips met. Only briefly, but it lingered in their memory. Moonbeams danced in the room, almost alive.

“Is that understood? Or do you doubt my judgment?”

He lay a hand over Hers, smiling, dazzling in its uplifting joy.

“I understand, Lilith.”

“I Love you,” She answered, allowing him to lie back down in full. Saying it sending a jolt of jubilation through Her heart every time. Right now was no different.

The future. **Their** future was here. Their lives all the more complete because of it.

Together they had created a new beginning.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!